

The proposed additions to be made to the Capitol Building in Raleigh, at a cost of \$300,000, would be of immense convenience to our officers and law-makers and would give us a State Building of which every North Carolinian might well be proud. But let the education of the children and the care of the insane be our first consideration. While we ought to have the enlarged capitol, it can wait awhile yet.

"The annual report of the operations of the Dead Letter Office for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903," says a press dispatch, "will show total receipts to have been more than 10,000,000 pieces, the largest in the history of the office. Commercial papers found, such as drafts, checks, money orders, etc., represented a face value of \$1,493,563." And yet if people would only heed the simple and oft-repeated request that the name and address of the writer be written in the upper left hand corner of the envelope, the Dead Letter Office, with the loss, anxiety, and hard feelings which it represents, would be put out of business.

"Boner's Lyrics" is the title of a handsome little volume just from the presses of the Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D. C. It contains all the best work of North Carolina's gifted son, the late John Henry Boner. Much of his verse found a place, in his lifetime, in the best magazines of the country, and many poems of no less merit are published for the first time in this book. Prof. Henry Jerome Stocker regards Mr. Boner as the most talented writer of verse that our State has produced, and this estimate is probably that held by most people capable of judging. A little later on we purpose making some selections from this volume for publication in *The Progressive Farmer*.

Dr. Walter H. Page, now of New York, is a man of National outlook, a man of large experience in the chief centres of American thought and industry, and a man who is in daily contact with men from all parts of the country. Moreover, he is a candid man, a man who believes that North Carolina should be painted as she is, warts and all. So when Dr. Edwin A. Alderman declared at Guilford Battle Ground last Tuesday, that "never in all her two hundred and forty years of history has North Carolina bulked so largely in the public imagination, never has she held so large a place in public interest as to-day," it is not without significance that Dr. Page punctuated the sentence with a positive: "That's the truth. Men do know more about North Carolina and talk more about North Carolina now than ever before."

How to Get Good Roads.

We want good roads, for they are the greatest compounders of comfort, wealth, progress, and higher civilization known to enterprising men. The people are entitled to them. To build them is not only our privilege, but it is our duty as civilized, progressive men. When I see the prosperity of the town, I think this prosperity will be greatly increased by the prosperity of the rural precincts. It takes money to build good roads. The best way to get that money is by a bond issue. You can get money at 3, 4, or 5 per cent on good bonds for twenty years. Build your roads with this money, and so greatly increase your taxable values (at the same time decreasing your tax rate) and so greatly attract the people that you will scarcely feel the expense of paying these bonds. They will liquidate themselves. A sinking fund will grow out of the increased value and pay the bonds, as it has in Madison County.—Chas. P. Lane, Madison Co., Ala.

What Keeps the South Poor.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Shurley realized (what we all now know) that ignorance and poverty go hand in hand, and the best investment a State or community can make is to tax itself to educate the young. Had some one asked him, "Are we not too poor to tax ourselves for schools?" he would have answered: "You are too poor not to tax yourselves. A dollar properly invested in education, will bring a hundred fold in return."

Mr. Shurley knew and taught that as long as the Southern laborer earned fifty cents a day, and the New England laborer two dollars a day, so long would the South remain poor and New England prosper. That so long as North Carolina sells the labor of her young men at ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty dollars a month, and imports young men from Massachusetts to earn one hundred, five hundred or one thousand dollars per month, so long will one State remain near the foot and the other at the top of the ladder of wealth. But he also knew and taught us that the Southern laborer would earn as much as the New England laborer whenever he could do the same work, and his abiding faith in his own people, made him believe the difference not in natural endowment, but a difference in training. This training was the work of the school—the work of education. Although his opportunity to teach it was poor, he knew the hand should be trained with the head. He taught us self-reliance, diligence and persistence.—From an address by Mr. Victor S. Bryant at the unveiling of the monument to the late Prof. Shurley, of Carolina Academy, at Pleasant Valley, August 6, 1903.

Theft Galore.

Is making millions at the expense of honor a profitable occupation, in the minds of financiers who are now being tried at the moral bar? To form a vast combination, knowing it to be so watered as to be unsafe, and to bargain for your own gains at the expense of those who trust you—what is the name for that? No number of technical schools founded by the executor of such a deal can clear his record, any more than mawkish moralizing and founding colleges can cleanse the life of a man who has conspired against the law, with the aid of bribery, to crush competitors. It is depressing to have a smirch on financiers who have heretofore seemed faithful to their trusts. If they were in such dire want of a few millions more, why did they not say so, and let us help them out, instead of giving another blow to our confidence in them and in human nature? With millionaires willing to be sharpers, in order to get more millions; with politicians stealing from the people, in city, State, and nation, and habitually using men, women and children as mere pawns in a private game to capture wealth; with yellow papers plunging their readers into dirt and danger for business and circulation—the love of money may fairly be called a sickness in our country. Unhappily we can not call these reeking instances exceptions. Other departments in the Government are only less eaten with corruption than the postoffice. Little cities have their rings, as well as big ones. The more that is learned about corporate methods the more universal seems the willingness to trick the public. Corruption, caused by the opportunity which all have, in this country, for worldly progress, and by the desire for fast advancement, is undeniable and vast. Leaders in business enterprise are among the least excusable when they juggle, for they are men who have had opportunity to acquire understanding which should forbid dishonest gain. "These men," said Judge Grosscup, "bring nothing to humanity but suffering, and leave nothing to mankind but disgrace." To send one of them to jail would do more good than the punishment of a dozen walking delegates or gambling kings.—*Collier's Weekly*.

A Prophecy for North Carolina.

Among American States no better spot exists than this spot upon which to work out the problems of a livable and lovable democracy. I thank God for the inextinguishable breath of democracy breathed into me by birth in this State. By democracy, I mean no party or creed or war cry, but a blessed spirit which wills imperiously to give to every soul a chance to know and to be the best. It is a narrow view which beholds democracy as a mere thing of ruggedness and homeliness. It is the business of democracy to make out of itself an aristocracy. There is nothing too good for a democracy. Surely its primal needs are strength and virtue and simplicity and freedom. Does it not also need beauty and dignity and grandeur, if you will, and all the things which minister to the spirit, else it perish of vulgar strength. This spirit will not come by observation. One cannot say lo! here, and lo! there, and the spirit is achieved. It comes by obeying the law of things. The law of things is training as a result of sacrifice. Sacrifice means vast investment of love, energy, and wealth in human life. Twenty years from to-day North Carolina will be a State of imagination and faith in men of all creeds and races and conditions. It will have quadrupled its investment in them. Its type of men will be efficient and knowing, free and sympathetic, acquainted with facts, able to do, free to speak and sympathetic with every man's aspirations, whether he be white or black, high or low, bond or free. This is democracy, and nothing else is democracy. All history is the shifting of the mental and moral moods of nations and communities, and the interesting time—the time for men—is the period of shifting. We can see now the romantic note of our past, its exaltation of personality, its care for individuals' dignity, its impulses, its enthusiasms, its deep loyalties. We are at work upon the note of the future, deciding that it shall be social, collective, efficient, sympathetic with all so that every man may earn a dignity to cherish. To bring this about we must spend money and time and heart's blood, for the day of small things is past, and the thing we seek, is above all price. The State of North Carolina needs just now to realize the supreme value of humanity in the mass. All the machinery of her civilization should be for the advancement of men in the aggregates, not men in the classes. Is this mere crude optimism? If so, let it go at that. I dare to hope for all that I can dream. I once dreamed with many others for an effective public school system. That dream is almost true, and the spirit which has made it true is the spirit which has made this noble gathering, and which will unite the sons of North Carolina all over America for service in her behalf.

The greatest dreamer this nation has known was Thomas Jefferson, and he has been its greatest spiritual force—with his ennobling lessons of faith in men. Many of his dreams have come true, and many are yet unfulfilled. Let us dream on and work in our time and place as he did in his earlier day. It cannot hurt for us to have a vision before our eyes always of this land of our birth and love, lovable in its very limitations and clad from its hard beset childhood in the garments of common-sense and clear manhood—grown strong and majestic and spiritual and free—a mighty home of beneficent laws and true democracy, stainless still in honor, fruitful still in noble deeds.—Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, at North Carolina Reunion, Guilford Battle Ground, October 13, 1903.

Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas; he that reads books of science, though without any desire of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.—Samuel Johnson.